

WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS GULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 24—VOL. XVI.

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NO. 803

THE RIGID FATHER.

[CONTINUED.]

LETTER XXVII.

M. RICHTER TO M. BERNSTORF.

Luneburg.

MY brother-in-law and Judith now live with me, in a little apartment. Misfortune, I hope will now soon sufficiently soften his heart to make him repay with love the affection of the son he has unjustly rejected. His daughter is much worse than I thought her. I visited my brother-in-law, while he was with her, very often, and he always appeared to me satisfied and cheerful; though Judith told me so many things, both of the father and daughter, that I could not but suspect that this cheerfulness was merely assumed. Judith took the best method: she pretended to be ill, that she might remain continually in her chamber. The harshness with which she was treated by the mistress of the house, must have been sufficiently apparent, since my brother sent her every day a good portion of the provisions served up to him, and a large glass of wine which he had first asked for himself.

Both father and daughter say nothing before me, and I can only judge of their agreement or disagreement by their looks and behavior. I have generally seen my brother in the parlor; but one day he took me with him into his own room. In the course of our conversation he made some very severe reflections on the ingratitude of mankind, but without applying them to his daughter. I did not make any answer that could intimate to him my suspicions. On a sudden he asked me, somewhat abruptly—"Brother, what was the name of the king about whom the play you once read to me was written?"

I looked at him hesitatingly, as I was not certain that I understood his meaning; I was however, right in my conjecture—he meant king Lear.

On the day when he banished his son from his house, I was sitting with him, and reading the play of Lear, and drew his attention by my occasional exclamations and sighs. At length he asked me what I was reading that affected me so much. I related to him the substance of the story of the tragedy, and read to him some of the scenes which I thought might, at a future time, apply to his own situation. He seemed not very well pleased, but said nothing. This incident now occurred to his recollection.

"What king?" asked I.

"The king who disinherited his good daughter, and gave his kingdom to his two others who proved devils to him."

"Oh! you mean king Lear—What of him?"

"Is that play ever acted now? I mean on the stage?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Well, the next time it is performed, let me know. I have never been used to go to the play, but I should like to see that tragedy."

This he said with all the composure he could assume. I made no answer; but was extremely pleased with the idea.

A few days after, the play was acted, and I called in the afternoon to inform him of it, and brought him a play-bill. He looked at it with a

kind of melancholy seriousness, and put it into his pocket.

About an hour afterwards, he said to his daughter—"Child, you must to day oblige me, for once, in a whim which I have taken into my head: we will go together to the play."

"What is the play?" said she.

"That is of no consequence," answered he.

His daughter, after some hesitation, agreed to the proposal. They went, and I accompanied them, and took my place in such a manner in the box, that they were both under my eye. At first the piece did not appear to make any great impression on him, though, from time to time, he said to his daughter—"Mind that, child." She did not at first seem to mistrust that he had any design in coming to the play; but she could not well fail to perceive what was his meaning, when, in the scene in which the king recollects Cordelia, he said to her—"I disinherited my son, and gave you all I had." She glanced her eyes at me in a manner sufficiently expressive, probably because she thought it was by my advice and management that her father had brought her to the play.

By degrees the attention of my brother was so absorbed by what was passing on the stage, that he entirely forgot himself and his daughter. Compassion for the unfortunate king, and indignation at the ingratitude of his daughters, successively filled his eyes with tears, and inflamed them with anger. When the curtain fell, he remained for sometime as it were lost in thought, and got into the carriage, in which we returned, without speaking a word to his daughter.

When we were at home, he walked up and down the room, with his eyes fixed on the ground, and his arms folded on his breast. His daughter, though perhaps she had not much noticed the play, appeared to be very uneasy, walked up and down the room in the same manner. At last, as she was passing him, he suddenly clasped her in his arms, exclaiming, with a voice that might have pierced a heart of stone—"My Cordelia!"

The severe father, for the first time, wept warm tears on the bosom of his daughter. I know not what she felt, but I did not perceive signs of any great emotion. After this we passed the evening with tolerable calmness.

Some days afterwards, my brother said to me, in a tone expressive of grief and regret—"I wish I had gone to see the play of Lear five years ago."

"I offered to read it to you, then, if you recollect, brother," answered I.

"Very true, very true," said he, with much emotion; "and I would not hear it! Now, added he, shaking his head, and breathing forth a heavy sigh—"now I must feel it!"

I endeavored to remind him of his son.

"For Heaven's sake!" exclaimed he with precipitation, "say no more of him; I must not hear of him. He was not a hypocrite like my daughter: but mention him no more, dear brother, if you love me."

I was silent, for I could not too easily conceive why he could not bear to hear me speak of his son.

"Ah!" said he, after a pause, "I may perhaps be one day, like the old king, shut out of doors, exposed to

"The pelting of the pitiless storm."

"No," said I, "thank Heaven, you have no reason to fear such base treatment!"

"No reason to fear it!" answered he hastily, with eyes flashing with anger: "Were not the king's knights disarmed: his friends ill treated? And has not Judith's Mopsey been turned out of the house? For my part, I never could abide the animal; but my daughter ought not to have persecuted it, especially under such circumstances? Is not poor Judith—nay, am not I myself—?"

"You yourself?" said I.

He was immediately silent, and afterwards endeavored to give another turn to what it was very evident he meant to say. I spoke, in general terms, in favor of peace and quietness, and he answered by a shake of the head and a sigh.

At length the flame which had been so long suppressed, burst forth. Judith wished to go to confess and take the sacrament. She had, for forty years past, been used to give a dollar at confession. She was not, in reality, in want of money; but she thought, in the situation in which she was, it would be advisable to save all she could. She therefore came to her brother, and requested him—not to give her a dollar—but to give her one for smaller money; though with a hope, most probably, that he would make her a present of one. Her brother would not accept the money she offered him in change; but, taking some out of his own pocket, said to his daughter—"Give me a dollar for this."

"What do you want it for, Judith?" asked the daughter.

"To give at confession," answered Judith, with some hesitation.

"How! a dollar! Surely you are not in your senses! A shilling is more than enough for you to give."

At this moment I entered the room.

"You do not give it," said my brother, in a great passion: "I give it. Let me hear no such observations."

The daughter, with a countenance red as fire with anger, replied, sneeringly—"You give it! Yes; but that, I believe, will be found much the same at last as if I had given it. I say, a shilling is enough, and more than enough, for a person to give, who lives on the charity of her relations!"

You should have seen my brother at this instant, to form any idea of the rage in which he was. He leaped up, like a furious lion, and overturned all the chairs and tables that stood in his way. His daughter and Judith turned pale as death. He took the latter by the arm, and said to the former fiercely—

"I have but one more word to say to you. May Heaven —!"

I expected some rash imprecation, and interposed to pacify him; while his daughter exclaimed with tears—"Dear father! dearest father!"

Continued in the last Page.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE

ALDERMAN BECKFORD.

LORDE—, who went a volunteer in the Russian service, was a relation of this true patriot and excellent man. Being one day at dinner with him, at his house in Soho-square, Lord E— was a little more thoughtful than usual, which being observed by his kinsman, he asked him the cause of it. As the party only consisted of a few chosen friends, the other ingeniously confessed, that fitting himself out for his expedition, and discharging his tradesmen's bills, required 1000*l.* more than he could at that time possibly spare; "Poh, poh, my Lord (says Mr. Beckford,) what signifies a thousand pounds! Apply to Lady E— she has been perhaps a greater economist than you are aware of, and I dare say she can supply you." This reply was looked upon by Lord E— as sufficient to put an end to this subject, and the conversation immediately took another turn. About an hour afterwards the Lord Mayor seemed to recollect some public business which demanded his instant attendance; but previously insisted his Lordship should stay and spend the evening with him, as the business would soon be over. Having engaged his promise, he instantly drove to Lord E's house, and putting 2000*l.* in Bank-notes into Lady E—'s hands, "begged her acceptance of them, as it was probable his Lordship might have occasion for some ready money previous to his departure." Without waiting for Lady E—'s reply, who was surprised at such an eccentric act of generosity, he instantly drove back, resumed his company, and enjoyed himself with that heart-felt vivacity, that is the constant attendant on generous minds."

ADVICE TO A NEW MARRIED LADY.

ABOVE all, be careful of one thing, and you will be something more than woman; that is, a levity which you are almost all guilty of, which is, to take a pleasure in your power to give pain. It is, even in a mistress, an argument of meanness of spirit, but in a wife it is injustice and ingratitude. When a sensible man once observes this in a woman, he must have a very great or a very little spirit to overlook it.

ANECDOTE.

A gentleman formerly well known in Change Alley, hearing that Foote had drawn his character in his comedy called "The Bankrupt," sent a friend to the humorist, with a very intimidating message with respect to the disagreeable consequences that would ensue, if Mr.—'s conduct was ridiculed. "Assure your friend (says Foote to the Messenger) that I never thought of him while I was drawing the character of my Bankrupt: and when you see the piece, you will be convinced of what I say, by finding I have made him an honest man!"

SELECTIONS.

SUPERIORITY in wit is more frequently the cause of vanity than superiority of judgment; as the person that wears an ornamental sword is ever more vain than he who wears an useful one.

THE love of a wife is as much above the idle passion commonly called by that name, as the loud laughter of buffoons is superior to the elegant mirth of gentlemen.

A FAVORITE MASONIC SONG.

Written by Brother J. Williamson.

ADVANCE each true brother, my song now attend,
And assist in full chorus a brother and friend,
With good humor he calls you, then socially join,
That the ceiling may ring with a theme that's divine.

CHORUS.

Then join, brother Masons, aloft raise the song,
All the virtues in life to true Masons belong.

The wisest of men was a Mason we know,
From him our chief honors and dignities flow;
He founed the temple, the pillars he rais'd,
And Solomon still in our songs shall be prais'd,
CHO. Then join, &c.

With square and with compass, with level and line,
We constantly work to complete our design;
By prudence we steer, and the passions subdue,
What we learn in our youth, in our age we renew.
CHO. Then join, &c.

With square and with compass, with level and line,
We constantly work to complete our design;
By prudence we steer, and the passions subdue,
What we learn in our youth, in our age we renew.
CHO. Then join, &c.

On freedom and friendship our order began,
To deal squarely with all, is the chief of our plan;
The sneer then of fools we esteem as a feather,
Since Virtue's the cement that joins us together.
CHO. Then join, &c.

Till the ocean be dry, and hard rocks melt away,
Till the globe shall dissolve, and no sun cheer the day;
So long shall the Masons their Order maintain,
And the arrows of slander be shot through in vain.
CHO. Then join, &c.

A NOSEGAY.

THE violet is modesty
For it conceals itself;
The rose is likewise modesty,
Though it reveals itself;
For it a blush betrays.

The jacinth shews us innocence,
So chaste and pure its hue;
The hyacinth, sweet diffidence,
Which bends to shun our view;
'Tis fancy thus portrays.

The honeysuckle, sympathy,
Distilling dewy tears;
The passion flower, brevity;
Scarce blown it disappears.

The tulip is variety,
That changes with the hour;
The primrose is simplicity,
And Flora's favorite flower.

Thus in each plant some lesson we may find,
Which serves to improve while it corrects the mind;
And flowers and weeds are an exhaustless store
Of pleasure, profit, and intrinsic-love,
In short, each object to a grateful heart,
However humble must delight impart.

MAXIM. Many come to bring their clothes to church, rather than themselves.

ON COMPASSION.

OH, Charity, our helpless nature's pride,
Thou friend to him who knows no friend beside,
Is there a morning's breath, or the sweet gale
That steals o'er the tir'd pilgrim of the vale,
Cheering with fragrance fresh his weary frame,
Aught like the incense of thy holy flame?
Is aught in all the beauties that adorn
The azure heaven, or purple light of morn?
Is aught so fair in evening's ling'ring gleam
As from thine eye the meek and pensive beam,
That falls, like saddest moonlight, on the hill
And distant grove, when the wide world is still?

SOCIETY has been aptly compared to a heap of embers, which, when separated, soon languish, darken, and expire; but, if placed together, glow with a ruddy and intense heat: a just emblem of the strength, the happiness, and the security, derived from the union of mankind. The savage, who never knew the blessings of combination, and he who quits society from apathy or misanthropic spleen, are like the separated ember, dark, dead and useless; they neither give nor receive any heat, neither love nor are beloved. To what acts of heroism and virtue in every age and nation, has not the impetus of affection given rise? To what gloomy misery, despair and even suicide, has not the desertion of society led? How often, in the busy haunts of men, are all our noblest and gentlest virtues called forth! And how, in the bosom of the recluse, do all the soft emotions languish and grow faint! Not that the speculator is a foe to retirement; he has already confessed himself its friend, he speaks but of him who, dead to feeling, sinks into the lap of cheerless solitude. That many individuals, from a peculiar turn of mind, are calculated to be of more extensive utility in retirement, than on the active stage of life, he is, from his own experience, well convinced. He is also perfectly aware that reiterated misfortunes and perfidy, operating upon a warm and sanguine constitution, will often hurry the most amicable character in the unmitigated seclusion; but even in this case, as a proof that our affections to support life must, however small in degree, be engaged, let it be observed that the most recluse have generally had some object for their tenderness, some creature whose attention they strove to obtain, whose interest in their welfare they hope to secure.

EPITAPH

On the Tombstone of ASA DUNBAR, Esq. Master of the Rising Sun Lodge, New-Hampshire, North America, who died at the close of 1787.

PEACE to these ashes!
May the green grass and flowers
Around this grave
Be as the memory of him beneath,
Flourishing and sweet.
Pass not the spot without heaving a sigh,
Ye men of benevolence,
For he was your Friend and Companion,
Brethren of the Graft
Wet the springs on the turf
With your willing tears,
For he was your Master:
Imitate his life, emulate his virtues,
For doubtless now he lives
With our Grand Master in Heaven.

This worthy brother was an eminent practitioner in the Law, a man of great genius and literary talents, and a most excellent Mason.

NEW-YORK, JUNE 16, 1804.

REPETITION.

The Printer having at a very considerable expence procured a new and handsome type, he flatters himself that his small bills will be readily honored at sight. Subscribers in arrears for two or more years, he hopes will settle their accounts, or it will put him to the unpleasant task of erasing their names from his subscription list.

Those who wish to become subscribers will please to enter their names at the office, or send a written direction.

THE number of Deaths in this City, for the week ending on Saturday last, according to the City Clerk's report, are, Adults 18—Children 7—Total 25.

By the schooner *Jaue*, captain Meagher, arrived at Boston on Thursday, in 28 days from Sarrinam; a Dutch paper was received, which contains the articles on which that place was surrendered to the British on the 4th ult.—It is signed by General Green and Commodore Hood, on the part of the Dutch. The Dutch garrisons were permitted to march from the forts with the honors of war; the officers to retain their arms, the soldiers to ground theirs, and to be sent to Europe as soon as good vessels could be procured, but not to carry arms against His Britannic Majesty. Article 5, proposed that no Dutch soldier should be employed in the British service—the answer was, that no Dutch soldier should be enlisted unless he was willing, "The inhabitants were to be protected in their lives and property."

Extract of a letter from Halifax, to a gentleman in Philadelphia, dated May 26.

"I have nothing more worth informing of, excepting the following letter from Mr. Morris to his excellency Sir John Wentworth, dated *Sable Isle, 2d May 1804.*

"Sir, I am sorry to inform you of the loss of two ships and one American brig; also the brig *Sally* owned by Messrs. Scafe and Wallace.—She left Halifax but three days since, and was on shore here in the amazing short run of 62 hours, with the loss of two of her crew.—The principal part of her cargo I expect to save, as she came ashore nearly opposite my signal staff. I have just received the account of the three Americans from Moore, at East end. As I send and keep but little provisions there, I expect they will be up at this end in two or three days, when I will inform you of the particulars, as the dispatch boat is just going, and I cannot detain her. She should have sailed yesterday agreeable to your instructions; but the gale blowing immediately into our harbor, she could not carry sail enough to work out. Notwithstanding the severity of the gale, but one boy was lost of the whole three American crews."

J. MORRIS."

N. B. Since writing the above, Sir John Wentworth has chartered the schr. *Nancy*, captain Huxford, to go to the island and convey to Halifax the crew of the above vessels and the property saved. Capt. Huxford was just taking in a cargo for Philadelphia, but this being a more advantageous voyage, and so humane, the shippers who had engaged capt. Huxford, gave him up willingly."

A French Emigrant, having obtained interest to get his name erased from the fatal list, after his expences were paid, found himself in possession of but a moderate sum. He returned to France, and finding his land sold, he was obli-

ged to resign it, and purchased a cottage in the neighborhood of his former estate, where by cultivating his own little garden, he might at least breathe his native air, and walk under the shade of those trees which had been the scene of infant pas-times. The possessor of his domain was not present at the time, one day he received a letter from him announcing his arrival, and requested the honor of his company to dinner with him. The first emotion this letter excited was indignation; the second curiosity; but how could he behold with sang froid the spoiler of his property? The Emigrant communicated his embarrassment to one of his neighbors, who assuring him of the probity of the possessor, persuaded him to go on the day appointed; he went, and was received with the most marked politeness; he testified his astonishment, and expressed a wish for an explanation, but was answered with, "Sir I never speak on business before dinner; it is now served up take your seat."

When the Emigrant took up his napkin, he found under it three keys "This is your place, Sir, I imagine." No, these keys are your's; after dinner I will explain this enigma to you.—The dinner appeared long to the Emigrant; after which, going into another room the gentleman addressed him as follows; "Sir these keys belong to your bureau; you will find every thing as you left it; money, jewels and papers, nothing has been misplaced; this is the key of your wardrobe—your plate, your linen is there; this third is that of your cellar—nothing has been taken out of it but the wine we have just been drinking; all here belongs to you; there is also some land which I have acquired, of which these deeds will put you in possession," "But, Sir," said the Emigrant, "I ought to be as delicate as you, and reimburse you what you paid for it."—"No, Sir; for three years I have enjoyed the revenue of your estate; therefore according to strict justice, I shall remain in your debt."—This generous man was afterwards guillotined.

WILLIAMSON, who some days ago assaulted the Mayor of this city, was on Monday sentenced to one year's imprisonment in the Bridewell, at the end of which term he is to find security for his good behavior during five years, himself in 2000 dollars, and two sureties in 500 dollars each. His defence was insanity at the time of committing the assault.

MORTALITY.

SWIFT as the sudden gale, time sweeps away,
And wafts us onward to th' eternal shore.

DIED,

On Thursday evening last, after a short but severe illness, in the 52d year of his age, Mr. THOMAS LAWRENCE, merchant, Cherry-Street. In this gentleman was concentrated every requisite qualification to endear him to his family and friends. He is thus unexpectedly torn from the hearts of those who were united to him by the ties of the warmest and most disinterested regard; whomust long, very long, deplore the separation with the deepest sorrow. He was the tender husband and kind parent, a cheerful companion and sincere friend. His death will be sincerely regretted by every one who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

But he shall triumph in immortal sight,
Beyond the gloomy grave and realms of night;
Borne on the flaming seraph's radiant wing,
In loud hosannas tune the harp and sing,
"O grave, where is thy victory, Death, thy sting!"

COURT OF HYMEN.

OUR grand-sire Adam e'er possess'd,
Alone, and ev'n in Paradise unblest'd;
With mournful looks the blissful scene survey'd;
And wander in the solitary shade:
The maker saw, took pity and bestow'd
WOMAN, the last, the best reserve of God.

MARRIED,

On Thursday the 24th ult. at Loonenburg, by the Rev. Mr. Todd, the Rev. PHILIP F. MAYER, to Miss LUCY RODMAN, both of that place.

On Saturday evening the 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Kuypers, Mr. ANDREW MAVERICK, to Miss CATHARINE DOW, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. McKnight, Mr. WILLIAM RICHARDSON, to Miss MARTHA HECKLE both of this city.

At Goshen the 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Baldwin. Mr. WILLIAM PHILLIPS, Merchant, to Miss SALLY EVERTSON, daughter of the late John Evertson of Pleasant Valley.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Miller. Mr. JAMES GRIFFIN, to Miss ANN M. KENZIE, both of this city.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. McKnight, Capt. NOAH PRATT, of Saybrook, Connecticut, to Miss MARY COWAN, of this city.

Same evening, at Newark, New-Jersey, Mr. ROBERT THOMPSON, Merchant, of this city, to Miss MATILDA VAN DYNE, of Newark.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Strebeck, Mr. WILLIAM SIMPSON, to Miss MARY PRESTON, both of this city.

Will be published in a few days, and for sale at this office, the interesting

NOVEL
of the

RIGID FATHER;

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.
[Translated from the German of Augustus La Fontaine.]

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Amongst the late additions to this Library, are the following: *Acebi's Travels through Sweden, Finland and Lapland to the North Cape* 2 vols. 4to. *Cowper's Poems* 2 vols. *Pictures of Memory* The British Classics 39 vols. Also the following interesting novels: viz. *Zaida, or the Dethronement of Muhammed IV*; also the *Beautiful Unknown*, by Kotzebue. *Tale of Sedley*, 2 vols. *Roger de Clarendon*, by Clara Reeve, 2 vols. *Aurois, or the Mysterious Beauty*, 2 vols. *Moreland Vale*. *Maurice, a German Tale*, 2 vols.

The proprietor respectfully solicits a continuance of favors from his friends and former customers, and entreats those who have detained books for a long time, to be punctual in returning them.

The Library will be open at the same hours as formerly, viz. from 6 to 9 o'clock in the evening. Customers will please to call at the door in Ferry-Street.

June 16, 1804.

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THE RIGID FATHER. Continued from the first Page.

"I will speak," said he; "you shall hear; and may Heaven, just Heaven, fulfil my words!"

I clasped him in my arms—"Oh!" cried I, "curse not your children!"

His head sank on my breast, and the tears poured down his wrinkled cheeks.

"No," said he, "I will not curse; but you shall know, brother, what a child I have. If at dinner I pour out a second glass of wine, her looks show that she cannot endure to give me so much; indeed she generally, before we sit down to table, pours out of the bottle the small quantity that she thinks sufficient."

This, my dear friend, however incredible it may appear, was absolutely the fact. He was proceeding to say more; but I put my hand upon his lips till he promised me to be silent. He now took his hat and stick.

"Come with me," said he to Judith, who was dressed to go to confession. "If I work as a day-laborer, you shall not live on the charity of this ungrateful woman. And as for you, daughter," said he, more mildly than I had expected. "God grant that you may never be a mother. I loved my parents, and yet have such children; what then must your children be?"

He immediately left the house with Judith, without listening to any thing his daughter could say, and went with me. I returned him all the sums of money which I had at different times received from him, and said—

"You are not absolutely without a penny, brother; and, thank God, I can work for you and Judith. We shall want for nothing, I will venture to say."

As he positively refused to return to his daughter, I procured beds, and provided the best accommodations I could for my guests. This same evening I endeavored to bring his son to his recollection in as gentle a manner as I could.

"I have done him wrong," said he; but see him I cannot."

After a few days, we began to talk of the manner in which we were to live in future. My brother was very desirous to offer himself to do any kind of work that he might be thought capable of; but I dissuaded him from this, by representing to him that he had not strength sufficient to endure labor; and I told him that in a little country-town, a few miles distant, I knew of a shop to be let for a small sum, which we could easily raise, and the trade of which, though small, would bring in profits enough to maintain us in the frugal manner in which we intended to live.

This proposal met with his approbation, and we are to set out on the eighth of this month for the town I talked of. He little suspects that I intend to carry him to Plauenberg, and deliver him into the arms of his son. Judith is to remain here, for I fear her curiosity and inquisitiveness might spoil my scheme. On the eighth, then, dear Bernstorff, you will contrive, on some pretext or other, to send for my nephew and Augusta's mother from Plauenberg to Hamburg, and keep them there till you receive a letter from me. But Augusta and her three children must stay where they are. My brother's name is no longer Janson but Muller. I found no difficulty in persuading him to this change of his name; for it saves him from many disagreeable inquiries and observations.

We shall set out, as I said before, on the eighth, so that my nephew and his mother-in-law must be away by that day: If I can but keep Augusta from discovering herself too soon, I have no doubt of my plan succeeding. Me the cer-

tainly knows, as the old gentleman who used to bring her work; but she cannot suspect who my companion is. My brother has sung his penitential psalm, he shall now sing his jubilate.

Farewell.

LETTER XXVIII.

M. RICHTER TO M. BERNSTORFF.

Plauenberg.

YOU must to-day, my dear friend, read my letter regularly through, and not begin at the latter end of it.

We left Judith, with her prayer-book and her Mopsy, to manage as well as she could by herself. I told her we should return in a week at furthest. We then set out, and reached Plauenberg in the afternoon. We stopped before the farm-house, and my nephew's wife came out to us. Really, Bernstorff, she is a most lovely woman. She reminded me, as she always does when I see her, of my Julia, when she fell over the side of the ship, and sank—into eternal bliss I doubt not.

"Do you recollect your old friend, my good young mistress?" said I.

She looked at me. "Oh, yes!" exclaimed she; "you are the kind and generous Mr. —"

"Pith! pith!" said I. "I do not want you to tell me my name. I am still as mysterious and secret as I used to be. You are married happily, and —"

"Oh, very happily!" My husband is now gone to Hamburg —"

"I know it—I know it. And you have three children."—(I took the little boy and kissed him, and then the girl, who is the eldest).—"But where is the third?"

"Asleep in the cradle, in the house."

"Come," said I, "I must see it?" and I went into the chamber where the child lay, and thus had an opportunity to request her not to discover to my companion that she had known me at Lüneburg, nor to mention her husband's name or my name before him.—"For this," said I, "I have very particular reasons; and you will not, I am sure, refuse your brother's friend."

She knows well what services I have rendered her brother, and readily promised all that I desired.

I now returned with Augusta to my brother-in-law.

"Your declaration that you are so happily married," said I, "dear madam, gives me much pleasure; but, since the honey moon is past, will you say that you are as happy now as you were at first?"

She threw up her innocent sparkling eyes to heaven, unaffectedly exclaimed—"Oh, dear sir! so happy, so supremely happy, that I often fear that I enjoy too much for this life."

Tears of gratitude and pleasure started into her fine blue eyes as she spoke, and she proceeded to give a most animated and glowing description of the happiness in which she lived. She clasped her two eldest children to her bosom, and, from time to time, surveyed them with looks of tenderness which can only glance from a mother's eye. At last she said—

"You must become acquainted with my husband: he is gone to Hamburg, to my second father; but he will return in a few days. Do you know all that has happened to me?"

"Yes," I have been informed of every thing."

"Oh! what a scene was it, my dear friend, when my second father, as I call him, brought me hither. I sat at the forte piano opposite the door, and, turning round, saw my husband enter.

Judge what my feelings must have been! And when I became a mother—and when our love was blessed with a second child!—and a third!"

Here she embraced her children, and moistened their little cheeks with tears of joy: then suddenly flung up and left the room, overpowered by her emotions.

My brother now began eagerly to question me. My answers were plausible, though not very explicit. Augusta presently returned with her infant in her arms.

"May I be permitted," said I, "to inquire whether the son-in-law and mother-in-law live in perfect harmony?"

"Oh!" said she, "my husband could not love his own mother more affectionately than he loves mine!"

She now spoke of her mother with a warmth of affection and respect that made a great impression on my brother, who whispered—

"Oh! that Heaven had given me such a daughter!"

She then went out to look at some household affairs, and we were left alone.

The most perfect regularity and simplicity reign in this family. Industry produces tranquility and content, which are visible in every countenance. After supper, Augusta, at my request sang and played on her forte-piano with admirable judgment and taste. In the cheerful conversation which followed, she had once or twice nearly betrayed herself; but I acted as prompter and prevented her.

"Brother," said my brother-in-law, when we retired to rest, "What a happy family! what parents! what children!"

"That is," replied I, "brother, because here affection reigns in every heart—not the wish to rule, or the thirst of gain. Thou knowest not yet what a treasure affection is."

"And now," answered he, with a sigh, "if I learn, I learn too late. Had I but known sooner what I see here—Good night."

The next morning we went over the house and grounds, and found every thing managed with so much propriety and regularity that my brother, who as you well know is a great admirer of order and method, was equally astonished and delighted. The children came to us, and soon became very familiar with me—for you know how fond I am of children. I almost wondered indeed that my brother did not suspect whose they must be, they are so extremely like their father.

Thus we lived three days, and my brother said—"This is heaven!" At last he could not restrain the wish which evidently came from his heart—"Would to Heaven that I had such children!"—I now sent off a servant with the note to you at Hamburg.

Augusta made a rapid progress in the good opinion of my brother. A confidential friendship seemed to be established between them, and while in her company he appeared to have forgotten all his misfortunes. He was yesterday engaged in a very interesting conversation with her in which he seemed to be more than usually pleased with her sentiments, expression, and manner, when the door opened, and my nephew entered with his mother-in-law.

"Dearest husband!" exclaimed Augusta with transport, and flew into his arms.

Astonishment was pictured in the countenance of the father and the son when they beheld each other. Fearful and in silence the son approached the father, who looked anxiously around him as if seeking aid and protection.

[To be Concluded in our next.]

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